

# GUTS

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A short comedy by  
Dave Ulrich

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[www.youthplays.com](http://www.youthplays.com)  
[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ZOE, female.

DERRICK, male.

BUTT CHIN, male.

RATATOUILLE, male.

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*(A couple of outcasts, ZOE and DERRICK are hanging out. They have just finished lunch, alone on bleachers, away from everyone else.)*

**ZOE:** Hey, when are you gonna get your tickets to...

**DERRICK:** *(Leaping to his feet:)* Whoa! Zoe! Check it out...

**ZOE:** What?!?

**DERRICK:** *(Pointing down, off into the distance:)* Fight!

*(Two boys, BUTT CHIN and RATATOUILLE appear on the opposite end of the stage. They are circling each other slowly, fists up, prepared to fight.)*

**ZOE:** Oh jeez. Who?

**DERRICK:** "Butt Chin" is about to kill "Ratatouille."

**ZOE:** Aww, I like Ratatouille.

**DERRICK:** That kid?

**ZOE:** Jeez Derrick, why would I nickname him after my favorite movie of all time if I didn't think he was all right?

**DERRICK:** Good point. But I thought it was 'cuz he kinda looks like... oh!

*(Butt Chin finally throws the first punch. He hits Ratatouille in the stomach and Ratatouille falls to his knees.)*

**DERRICK:** Ouch! Poor guy.

**ZOE:** *(Covering her eyes:)* I can't look. *(Beat.)* What's happening?

**DERRICK:** Butt Chin landed one in the gut. Oh, don't be ridiculous, Zoe. Just look.

**ZOE:** No, I can't look. Describe it to me...gently.

*(Butt Chin resumes fighting position as Ratatouille gets back to his feet, stumbling back into his defensive maneuvers.)*

**DERRICK:** If I'm going to be telling you, might as well see it yourself. They're mostly just circling each other, anyway.

*(Zoe slowly lowers her hand from her eyes, but keeps the hand raised, in case she needs to cover again quickly.)*

**ZOE:** I wonder what he did to Butt Chin.

**DERRICK:** I would guess that he breathed air and Butt Chin thought it was his air. You don't seriously think he did something.

*(Butt Chin and Ratatouille each throw awkward punches and miss.)*

**ZOE:** Boys are so dumb.

**DERRICK:** Like girls don't have bullies.

**ZOE:** We don't throw down.

**DERRICK:** Sometimes.

**ZOE:** Look—Butt Chin's trying to explain why he's gonna beat him up.

**DERRICK:** What's he saying?

**ZOE:** *(As Butt Chin:)* He's all like: "I'm secretly in love with my quarterback, so I'm going to hide it with a grand display of masculinity."

**DERRICK:** *(As Ratatouille:)* Haha. And Ratatouille is like: "I feel like my parents' divorce was my fault, so I deserve to be punched."

**ZOE:** That's awful.

**DERRICK:** No, what's awful is that whatever it is has nothing to do with Ratatouille.

**ZOE:** Well what is it, then?

**DERRICK:** It's like this...

*(Derrick hops to his feet and takes a fighting position like Butt Chin.)*

Take that! *(Punches the air:)* ... because I have a butt for a chin and I can't get rid of the zits on my face. And take that! *(Punches the air again:)* ... because I got these muscles from 'roids and I hate my tiny testicles. *(Punches the air again:)* And that's 'cuz even with summer school I might get put back a grade because I think studying sucks.

*(Zoe jumps to her feet and gets in a boxing stance across from Derrick. They match the positions of Butt Chin and Ratatouille.)*

**ZOE:** *(As Ratatouille:)* And OUCH! I'm gonna let you beat me up because everything makes me nervous, and I shovel food in my little rat mouth when I'm nervous.

**DERRICK:** *(As Butt Chin:)* And BAM! My older brother beats me up.

**ZOE:** *(As Ratatouille:)* And OUCH! I think about suicide.

**DERRICK:** *(As Butt Chin:)* And BAM! I'm scared of sex, but pretend I've already done it.

**ZOE:** *(As Ratatouille:)* And OUCH! I cut myself.

**DERRICK:** *(As Butt Chin:)* And BAM! I never talk to my parents except when we yell and fight.

*(Butt Chin pushes Ratatouille to the ground. Derrick lowers his fists a little and takes a more serious tone.)*

**DERRICK:** And I'm gay.

**ZOE:** Butt Chin? You really think....

**DERRICK:** No Zoe. I... well... I'm...

**ZOE:** (*Lowering her arms:*) Oh my god. So many things make sense now.

*(Butt Chin walks a victory lap around the curled up Ratatouille on the ground.)*

**DERRICK:** (*Dropping his arms completely:*) I don't know what to do.

**ZOE:** You don't know what to do?! I'm pregnant.

**DERRICK:** Wait. You...? No way!

*(Zoe plops down and sits in defeat.)*

**ZOE:** Way. As if I weren't a big enough loser, now EVERYONE's gonna shut me out.

*(Butt Chin finally pounces on Ratatouille, and puts him in a headlock.)*

**DERRICK:** (*Crouching down to comfort her:*) I won't.

**ZOE:** Yes you will. You still have a chance to fit in. You can't be seen with me when I'm preppers.

**DERRICK:** Fit in? (*Pointing down to Ratatouille:*) That's going to be me down there soon enough.

**ZOE:** Well, you hide it now. Just keep hiding it.

**DERRICK:** I don't think I can hide it anymore. I think it might even be harder.

*(Pause.)*

**ZOE:** So the social outcasts by choice are about to become social outcasts for real.

**DERRICK:** Well, you never know. Maybe this school will come around. Evolve.



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*(Butt Chin lets Ratatouille back up. Butt Chin walks a few steps away while Ratatouille dusts himself off.)*

**DERRICK:** Actually, yes. Why not? We'll be the open-minded generation. A revolution that starts with us.

**ZOE:** Ha!

**DERRICK:** What do you mean, "Ha!"?

*(Butt Chin goes back in and punches Ratatouille in the arm.)*

**ZOE:** I mean who are we? We don't have the guts. We're sitting here watching someone get his face punched in—and mocking it.

**DERRICK:** Well what are we supposed to do? Go put our faces in front of a fist? Take that kid's place?

**ZOE:** I don't know. Maybe. Do something to stop it. Or go embarrass the bully.

**DERRICK:** Embarrass the bully??!!

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